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Bright Little Poems
for
Bright Little People

Catherine Wheeler



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Florence Mytinger

“ And since you ’ve lost your bonnet, while I ’ve lost my hat,
An umbrella we ’ll borrow and under it stay.” — PAGE 110.

BRIGHT LITTLE POEMS

FOR

BRIGHT LITTLE PEOPLE

BY

CATHERINE WHEELER

Illustrated

BY

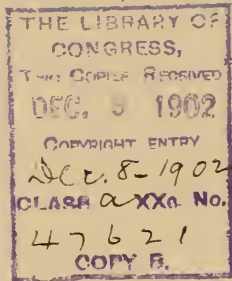
FLORENCE A. MYTINGER

Dear little comrades, I am but a child;
But let me you, my younger playmates, teach,
That I may with simplicity the while
List to the precious gospel that you preach.



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THE WHITAKER AND RAY COMPANY
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To the Memory of My Mother

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BRIGHT LITTLE POEMS
FOR
BRIGHT LITTLE PEOPLE.

MARIGOLD BY THE GARDEN WALL.

Marigold by the garden wall,
Awake, awake, awake!
The rosy billows in the east
Show day 's about to break.
Unfold your pretty petals, dear,
And ope your dreamy eyes,
For the sun now sends a shaft of gold
Athwart the eastern skies.

Marigold by the garden wall,
Hold high your crownèd head,
That the sun god may around you
His golden halo shed.
For now it is high noon, dear,
And he rides in state above,
Whence he looks down on earth and flowers
With eyes of yearning love.

Marigold by the garden wall,
Droop low your drowsy head;

From saddening colors in the west,
The sun now seeks his bed.
So close your sweet brown eyes, dear,
Ere length'ning shadows fall,
And the purple robe of twilight
Covers flowers, earth, and all.

AT THE PARK.

Dorothy, Mabel, and Dick
Are off for a donkey-ride,
Each on a burro that never will kick,
Nor with haste unseemly stride, —
Three dear little burros in robes of gray,
Who patiently trot the livelong day,
For a bed of straw and a wisp of hay.

Dear little Baby Ned
In a carriage prefers to go, —
In a carriage drawn by a milk-white steed
(A dignified goat, and slow),
Who, with his friends, the burros in gray,
Must toil for his living day by day, —
For his bed of straw and his wisp of hay.

But hardly adown the track
Has moved this procession gay,
When the leader announces, "We 're coming
back!"
By a loud and thankful bray, —

A bray that says plainly to every one,
"I do not regard my part of this fun,
Though a bed await me, and hay."

Children of lightsome heart,
Have you no word to say
To the kind dumb friends who have done
their part
Toward making your holiday,—
To the stately goat in his snow-white coat,
Or his friends, the burros in gray?
Oh, each day is made glad by some humble
one,
Who asks in return for his duty done,
But a bed and a wisp of hay.

A WILD NIGHT.

A Will-o'-the-wisp lured a Whippoorwill
From his perch in a tree, one night.
(It was late for a bird to be awake,
But this fellow's eyes were bright.)
Far over the bog the startled bird
Chased with shrill, unearthly cry
The beckoning gleam, that danced ahead
Just faster than wings could fly.

In reply to the call of the Whippoorwill
Came the hoot of the hornèd owl,
Till its echoes aroused the clarion voice
Of every sleeping fowl.
From bush and tree, from barn and eaves,
They answered with interest keen,
And their flapping wings, as down they came,
Made a weird, uncanny scene.

They followed the wake of the Whippoorwill
As he chased the alluring light;
They answered his cry in every tongue
Known to birddom, that moonless night;

And morning found them far from home,
Wing-weary, and full of pain,
With nothing to show for the night's hubbub
But a chase that was all in vain!

THE INVITATION TO FAIRYLAND.

Hark! In the twilight sweet and clear
A tinkling sound breaks on the ear.
Faint it begins, and then louder swells,
Like the chiming of tiny silver bells.
'T is the sound of elfin voices rare,
And the singers float in the evening air.

“Things of glee, Fairies, we
All night hold our revelry.
Happy be;—come and see
What fair elfland holds for thee.”

Lo! In the deepening summer night,
The twinkle of many a tiny light!
Faint they come out, then stronger shed
Their silvery gleam o'er each fairy head,
As this wandering band of minstrels wings
Its flight over earth, and sweetly sings,—

“Things of air, free from care,
We are floating everywhere.

Come and share pleasures rare
In our distant elfland fair."

Faint grow the notes in the summer night.
Fainter, then out goes each twinkling light.
But, once you have seen, and once you have
 heard,
The lights ever beckon, your heart's ever
 stirred
By the sound of that elfin music clear
(Which, unless you're in tune, you may
 never hear),—

"On we soar; go before
To ope for you our elfland door.
Grieve no more: sorrow's o'er
Once you reach the Fairy Shore."

OFF FOR FAIRYLAND.

On the morrow we leave for the Fairy Shore,
And once we sail, we return no more.
Our boat is a rainbow-tinted shell,
With a rudder of pearl that will steer us well.
Of the silken seaweed our sails are made,
While our flashing oars have a coral blade.

We 'll start at dawn, and we 'll row all day
Till we come to the realm where Quaint Fancies play.

Here we 'll scuttle our boat, for, once you learn
How the Fairies live, you may ne'er return.
So our glistening skiff to the deeps we 'll send,
And happy rest at our journey's end.

O, bright shines the sun o'er the Fairies' Isle!
Blue is the sky, with a winsome smile!
Fragrant the air, while zephyrs warm
Lull to repose with a soothing balm,
On pillow of moss or rose-leaf bed,
While the Fairies their feast of welcome
spread.

Luscious that feast will be, and rare,—
Honey of bee and nectar of pear,
Juice of the melon and purple grape,
In calyxes served, of dainty shape.
On a gossamer cloth will each place be laid,
Of such weave as is only by Fairies made.

When the sun goes down, and we cannot see,
A light we'll pluck from the lantern tree.
(We have seen such trees in our baby dreams,
Where, like glowing cherry, each soft light
gleams.)
Then guided by music faint and sweet,
We'll watch the tripping of Fairy feet.

On the morrow we sail for the Fairy Shore,
And once we start, we return no more.
Our glistening boat, that waits on the beach,
To the deeps we'll send when those realms
we reach;
For once you take what the Fairies give,
A mortal you never more may live.

A TRANSFORMATION.

Long ago, a little bulb
Slept in a garden bright,
Until at last it yawned and stretched
One finger to the light.
Then was reproach on every lip,
Dismay on every face,
For 't was plain that finger's owner
Had no business in that place.

“Root it out! The thing's an onion!”
Cried the people. All concurred
(While the poor bulb, hearing, trembled,
Though of course it spoke no word,)
But one little brown-eyed maiden
Of a kindly, tender heart,
Who said, “No. No one shall touch it
While I'm here to take its part.”

Then again the intruder trembled,
But this time with gratitude,
Until it felt like leaping
Right up where the maiden stood;

For the brown bulb had a secret,
Which it knew it must repress,
Until sun and air and water
Should compel it to confess.

But the gentle brown-eyed maiden
She did not its secret share;
She only knew it was despised
And lonesome, growing there;
So she watered it, and helped it
Send its young limbs up on high,
Till one morn a regal lily
Stood and smiled up at the sky.



VACATION DAYS.

Vacation days, vacation days,
You stay so long away!
And when at last you visit us,
How short you make your stay!

When it's fall, we long for Christmas,
When it's spring, we wait for June;
For both keep ever calling,
Till our brains sing just one tune, —

Vacation days, vacation days,
You stay so long away!
And when at last you visit us,
How short you make your stay!

But Christmas comes in proper time,
With its gifts and splendid cheer.
And when 't is past we forward look
To the noontide of the year,

When waving blue-eyed iris
And nodding poppy-crown
Wait by the road to greet us,
As we leave the dusty town.



THE SQUIRREL'S APPEAL.

I'm a little, gray-clad squirrel,
And my cage is in a shop,
Where all day long my funny ways
Cause the passers-by to stop.
But if they knew my inward grief,
As this endless wheel I turn,
In my frantic efforts to escape,
They would not laugh, but mourn.

When first my captor brought me
From the woods, where I belong,
I thought of me he'd tire,
Set me free, and right this wrong.
But as days grew into weeks and months,
And months merged into years,
Hope wellnigh died, and left me
But my anxious thoughts and fears.

How *can* the people stare so
At a wild thing in a cage?
Let one of *them* be in my place,
And he'd die with shame and rage.

22 *Bright Little Poems for Bright Little People.*

But perhaps they think I'm happy
When I race, and spin, and dart,
Because they cannot *see* the grief
That's gnawing at my heart.

Is there no little maid or lad,
No friend of liberty,
No dear, unselfish, kindly soul,
To buy and set me free?
If one such came to my relief,
I'd die with gratitude,
For I'd gladly give my wretched life,
For one last romp through the wood.



“ Here ’s where Marjorie found a dime.”

THE PALM-READER.

MOTHER.

Here 's a Gypsy at the door,
Deeply versed in mystic lore.
Wash your hands, and let us see,
Bob, and Joe, and Marjorie,
If she can tell what happened here
While mamma was away last year.
When your hands are nice and clean,
We 'll place a chair and call her in.

GYPSY.

Hither come, sweet children three,
And show your pretty palms to me.

(Reads.)

Here 's where Joe was late for school,
And had to sit upon a stool.
(That 's the stool I 'm pointing to.
What! a wart? It can't be true!)
Here 's where Bobby broke a dish
Helping Marjorie fry some fish.

(Marjorie nearly died with fright.
It's a cut? That proves I'm right.)
Here's where Marjorie found a dime.
(That mole there, on the lucky line.)
This shows sorrow broke her heart.
(Perhaps when Bijou came apart.)
Here's where Joseph teased the cat,
Until she did retaliate.
This says Robert thought 't was fun
To scare the calf and see it run.
This says Marjorie did not tell
When *some one* tied that can to — well,
It's all past. Joe's look of shame
Tells me *he* knows who's to blame.
Nothing good? Oh yes, my dears.
(Joseph, wipe away those tears.)
Three lines of life are *very* long.
Three lines of head are clear and strong.
And those deep, well-marked lines of heart
Show you'll all choose the better part. . . .
Lift my veil? Ah, Marjorie,
You're the sharpest of the three.
Please do? Well, then, since you beg,
Here behold your Cousin Meg.

AN UNEXPECTED REALIZATION.

Little boy with the small nose pressed
Against the window bright,
What would you choose — what like the
best —
Of the tempting array in sight?

Here are marbles, and horns, and spinning-
tops,
Thrown in with profusion fine,
Amongst tarts and cakes and lollipops,
And eatables in that line.

To say not a word of books and slates
(Which cannot be considered at all),
Here are coasters and carts and roller-skates,
And outfits for playing ball.

First you say that you 'd like to eat
All the dainties your stomach would hold?
Then fill your small pockets with every sweet
That within this store may be sold?

And then you the largest wagon would buy,
And a pair of skates for your feet,
With all it could carry the cart you'd pile
high,
And go trundling down the street?

Dear, dear little boy with the small nose
pressed
Against the window pane,
If such wishes came true you'd be sore dis-
tressed,—
Suppose you wish again.

(Though you are, as a "cornerer," quite sub-
lime!)

But modify your demand—
Suppose at this minute some one put a dime
In the palm of your small, moist hand?

"Oh, that would be different!" you eagerly
say;

"That tart and that whistle of tin
Would make paradise of this gloomy day!"
Are you sure? Then we'd better go in.

A MERITED FATE.

Once a proud and haughty thistle
Sprang up in our garden fair;
And it plainly thought no finer thing
Could hold its head in air.
“Don’t come near me!” warned this thistle.
“If you touch me, you will whistle!
Come and touch me, if you dare!”

As this braggart grew in stature,
There appeared, one morning bright,
A round nest of purple blossoms
Peeping up into the light.
“They’re my babies!” cried the thistle,
“And with thorns they fairly bristle!
Touch them! You’ll be in a plight!”

As its children grew in beauty,
So the thistle vainer waxed,
Until no plant in that garden
* But was angry and perplexed.
“Come and pluck us!” mocked the thistle,

“If you do, with pain you’ll whistle,
And be wounded sore, and vexed!”

But this proud and boastful parent
Came to grief one autumn day,
When its children with a passing breeze
Took wings, and flew away
Oh, we much fear, haughty thistle,
Time has come for your dismissal,
For you’re old and lone and gray!

Sure enough, the morning after,
The gardener brought his spade,
And with one blow at its hollow stalk,
This braggart lowly laid.
Now it’s thistle, fallen thistle,
We with joy at last will whistle,
For no longer we’re afraid!

THE DEER-HUNT.

Thou splendid stag! Those antlered horns
I late had thought to place
Ere morrow o'er my tilèd hearth as trophy
of the chase.

Creature magnificent! Last eve I planned
to take thy life;

That, rising with the dawn, with gun, and
dog, and hunting-knife,

Through forest depths and open, remorse-
lessly this day

I'd chase thee until terrified and worn thou
stoodst at bay.

But now that we stand face to face, one look
into those eyes,

And throb of love and pity from breast to
throat doth rise.

One glance into those midnight orbs with
purplish velvet blent—

Upon those dilate nostrils and those quiver-
ing sides, all spent,

(Smooth-coated sides, whose whitish-brown
is kissed by dawn's pale gray) —
One glance — and I restrain my hound, and
turn in shame away!

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE ROSE.

A troop of tiny, blushing clouds
Once left the evening sky.
(For many a sunset they had looked
On earth with loving eye.)
They sank upon a garden,—
A pall of glowing mist,—
Next morn beheld the Roses out,
Their cheeks by crimson kissed.

THE LILY.

One eve a snowy-plumaged bird,
His beak with amber tipped,
From heaven flew down, and on the way
His wings in moonlight dipped.
No eye beheld him as he paused
At last for rest on earth—
But the first faint rays of morning saw
The milk-white Lily's birth.

THE POPPY.

A swarm of golden butterflies
To earth once winged its flight;
And pausing each one where he lit,
Wings folded for the night.
Soft, misty robe of evening
Enshrouded each in gloom —
But lo! with smile of morning sun
A Poppy-field in bloom!

THE VIOLET.

A meek and tender thought
Once filled a maiden's breast;
She stooped, and on a lowly plant
Her pure young lips she pressed.
The plant with joy and gladness
Smiled up its gratitude —
That eve, where girlish lips had touched,
A fragrant Violet stood.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

The cloudless summer sky
A-grieving fell one day

Because it was from earth's bright flowers
So very far away.
And as its bosom heaved,
An azure shower fell,—
Just where each blue drop struck the earth
Forget-me-not will tell.

THE PANSY.

The Book of Golden Deeds
From its binding fell apart;
Its leaves flew this way and flew that,
Of every breeze the sport.
The rise of sun next morn
Illumed a gorgeous sight—
Wherever Golden Deed had blown
There bloomed a Pansy bright!

TO A LOYAL HEART.

Look up into my face, Don,
Look up, and let me see
If I can from those soft brown eyes
Learn what you think of me.

O, I read adoration there,
And sweet humility,
And deepest love, and gratitude
For kindness shown to thee.

And I read confidence and trust,
Dependence upon one
Who makes or mars your happiness
By every look and tone.

And as I stroke your handsome head
And twine your silky ears,
A feeling rises in my breast
That brims my eyes with tears.

For I know I am not worthy, Don,
Of half those eyes confess;

But for what joy I've given thee,
Both you and I must bless

That source of joy, our Father,
Who loves both you and me;
Who made me kind, that I might show
His goodness unto thee.



DON.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Vestured in purple, adust with gold
That the heart of a lily did late enfold,
Dance in the sunshine, thou joyous thing
Of wonderful body and radiant wing.
Skim o'er the water; poise on the flower,
That claims thy sweet kinship for Life's
happy hour.

Child of a day, thou butterfly bright,
Thou shalt sleep in the lily's heart to-night.
Dart through the blossoms, wheel toward the
blue,

Rev'ling in happiness thy brief hour through.
Afloat in the sunlight, to me thou dost seem
The emblem of Hope in a spirit dream.
Once more to the azure; now wearily lower;
Then, *a child with a net, and one bright life is*
o'er.

THE NOVEMBER CHILD.

(To —, THE MISUNDERSTOOD.)

Hail, daughter of November! Graces three
Are thine,—Truth, Justice, and Fidelity!

When all the trees were brown and bare
And Autumn's chill was in the air,
Then Heaven, in mood most strangely mild,
Sent earthward thee, November child. . . .
As thou didst grow in girlish grace,
Thy nature showed full many a trace
(By cold reserve and distant air)
Of whom thy frosty sponsors were. . . .
True daughter of the Fall thou art!
As Autumn shelters in her heart
('Gainst biting wind and tempest high)
The life that waits the April sky,
So doth thy soul await the Spring
Before it bursts forth, blossoming.

MARIAN AT HER DARNING.

Marian's heart's of lead to-day, —
Vacation-time, and she must stay
Indoors, and do the mending.
Vacation-time, and skies are bright;
With alluring smile the fields invite, —
In them time's worth the spending!

With sigh and tear poor Marian goes
In search of wounded heels and toes
That cry from many a stocking.
She seats herself, but hears without
The joyous laugh, the merry shout,
That her misery seem mocking.

In and out the needle flies;
Stitches makes of fearsome size
(For Marian's thoughts are burning).
One might think, to view such work,
That Marian is a lazy shirk,
Or, at the best, just learning.

But by and by her anger dies,
Softer light comes in her eyes,
For she falls to musing:
“Why should a mother have to ask
A daughter help her with this task
That I am so abusing?”

And as she thinks, the needle plies
Stitches of much smaller size
Till it falls to singing:
“Back and forth I flashing go,
Worn-out heel and gaping toe
To completion bringing.

“Back and forth I gleam and shine,
Bringing to perfection fine
Everything worth mending;
In and out, wove with each strand,
Willing heart and skillful hand
Make a beauteous blending.”

Listening to the needle's song,
Marian darns on overlong,
Until, a sweet voice sounding,

“Daughter dear, run out and play;
Long enough you’ve worked to-day,”
Sets her spirits bounding.

But ere she left the house, I wis,
On mother’s cheek she pressed a kiss,
Because I heard her saying,
“When Love’s inwrought, I could not ask
A happier pastime than my task—
Then darning’s only playing.”



LEI ALOHA'S ANSWER.

(A P(URR)TINENT REPLY.)

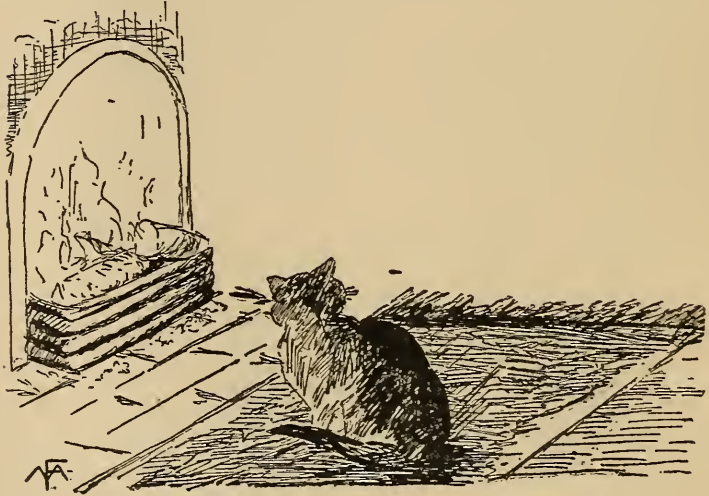
"*Lei Aloha* (wreath of love),
(Claws of steel in velvet glove),
As upon the leaping blaze,
With dreamy, half-shut eyes you gaze,
(Jeweled orbs, in ebon set,—
Gleaming topaz, rimmed with jet,)
Can you solve, in prose or rhyme,
The riddle that's perplexed all time?"

On me with unfeigned surprise
Aloha turned wide-open eyes.
(Glorious gems, in onyx set,—
Deepest topaz, framed in jet).
Quoth she, "Long before the flood,
I was in my kittenhood.

Since then, oft I've come again
To watch the changing ways of men.
But though forms may change, and style,
One truth still persists the while:

*"An angry word and a cruel blow
Lead to sorrow here below;
While a kindly smile and a soft caress
Point the road to happiness."*

This the answer plain I heard,
Though *Lei Aloha* spoke no word,
But on the hearth just purred and purred.



THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

“Queen Summer’s dead! Her life is sped!”

The wind sighs through the sheaves.

“O’er earth we’ll spread to make her bed,”

Respond the falling leaves.

“Our queen is dead! Low lies her head!”

To her sisters sobs the Rose.

“My petals fall to make her pall;

For with her life mine goes.”

She lies in state,—she, who did late

From monarch’s throne command;

Her subjects press with mute caress

Sad kisses on her hand.

The dead queen lies ’neath autumn skies,

Bemoaned with many a tear.

Tall lilies white their tapers light

To wake beside her bier.

Through autumn days enwrapped in haze,

Through chill-grown autumn nights,

In state she lies till weeping skies
Put out the watchers' lights.

But not till all the flowers fall
In grief upon her breast
Do north winds blow the fleece of snow
That hides their place of rest.

ON THE ROAD TO INGLESIDE.

A riot of purple and gold
Are the hills of lupine bright,
As we suddenly turn the bend in the road
And greet the royal sight.

A thousand thousand flowers
Fling their beauty to the air,
While from every heart a welcome
Pours out its fragrance rare.

O radiant sky above
Whose wond'rous sun has spread
With magic brush these lovely hues
O'er each dainty floral head,

O earth begemmed with bloom,
We children love you so,
Because the one dear Father
Has made us all to grow!

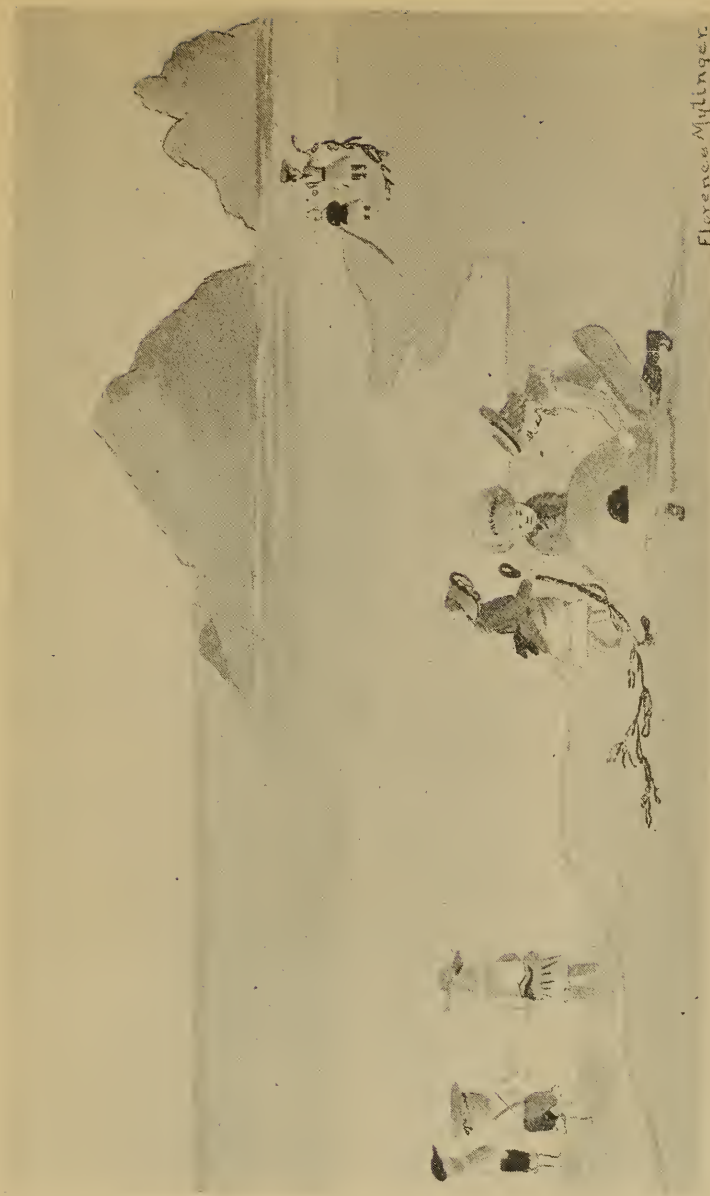
AT THE BEACH.

Out into the surf we run,
Then retreat. Oh, but it's fun
As, skirts pinned up and feet all bare,
Laughing, shrieking, we just dare
Each incoming wave to sweep
Us into the vasty deep.

Down the beach race Lil and Ted,
Trailing snake-like whips of weed,
Where (minding lunch and shoes and things)
Johnnie sits and gaily sings;
Meanwhile breaking in his hand
At building forts and castles grand.

Can there be a fairer sight,
On this lovely morning bright,
Than the laughing, sparkling sea
Tossing white spray up in glee,
While it looks with eyes of love
At the dazzling blue above?

But the wind begins to rise.
Clouded over grow the skies.



Florence Myltinger.

“Out into the surf we run.”

Hasten, Johnnie, take your turn,
Ere the waves begin to churn.
Ah, too late! They have begun!
We must take our things and run.

.
High upon the cliff we stand.
Was there ever sight more grand
Than the ocean in a storm?
(That is, if you're safe from harm.)
Hear it bellow, mad with rage,
Like a wild thing in a cage!

Out it flings its line of foam
To enlarge its boundless home.
Up in wrath it hurls its spray
As if it would strike the sky.
Then a sob, a wail, a moan,
Like a captive sad and lone.

With Johnnie's fort it's havoc played.
(Johnnie lost his chance to wade.)
Teddie had still more to lose,
For the ocean took his shoes.
Never mind, a chair we'll form
With our hands, and bear him home.

AT THE CHUTES.

Our Bertram has a savings bank;
It holds just ninety cents,
And when he adds another dime,
He vows we'll have a royal time,
Regardless of expense.

To me he's told his plan,
And I think you ought to know;
He'll draw his cherished hoard,
A trolley-car we'll board,
And to the Chutes we'll go.

O, for a ride on the glorious Chutes,
With heart in your mouth, or perhaps in
your boots!
How you laugh and shout,
How you shriek, "Look out!"
As you slide,
Glide,
Down the steep incline
To the little lake at the foot!

O, the Chutes, the exhilarant Chutes!
Shall we ride again? Well, we have our
 "doots,"
But we'll sit and watch the others "shoot,"
As they dash,
 Flash,
 Down the steep incline—
 And splash in the lake at the foot!

A CRUEL FATE.

Miss Polliwog Tadpole lived in a pond
 (A dainty maid was Polly);
While near-by dwelt a Minnow fond
 (Though somewhat melancholy);
And with all the strength of his warm young
 soul,
The Minnow loved the fair Tadpole.

But alas for the ways of a cruel fate!
Two happy hearts must separate;
 For Miss Tadpole must go to a distant bog
 (A boarding-school for Polliwogs),
That her sweet voice she might cultivate.

The Minnow wept as she swam away.
 (How could the youth feel jolly?)
But the maiden affected spirits gay,—
 Most sensible Miss Polly!—
And cried, “Though I go for the sake of art,
Behind me I leave my loving heart.
And when I come back in the early spring,
Why, then you may buy the wedding-ring!”

The Minnow vowed he would faithful be;
But alas for man's fidelity! —
When the maiden returned in the blossoming
 spring,
He would not buy the wedding-ring!
For instead of a dainty Polliwog,
His love came back a big green frog —
With a voice — oh! a voice that would saw a
 log!

WHAT HER NEPHEW LOOKED LIKE.

“Dear Louisa,” wrote Aunt Mildred,
“How I long to see you all!
It seems ages since you and the children
Went away that fall.
Dear, how time flies! It must be—
Yes, it must be ten years quite,
For you say that Tom, the baby,
Now is twelve, and very bright.

“I’d so like to have their pictures,—
Have them taken, if you can,
And send them by the next boat
To your sister,
“MILDRED ANN.”

And this is the reply Aunt Mildred
Got to her request:—
“My dearest Aunt,—Mamma can’t write,
Because she’s sprained her wrist.

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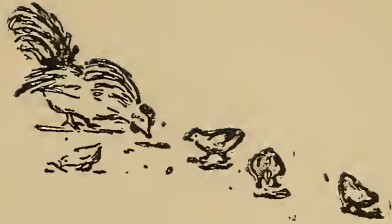
“We’ve no photographs to send you,
For we’ve never had the chance
To pose before a kodak
Since our papa bought this ranch.
But I can *tell* you how we look,
So if you should chance to spy
A niece or nephew on the street,
You would not pass him by.

“A thoughtful face, a studious air,
A forehead broad and mild,
A courteous bearing, as becomes
Your sister’s favorite child;
A tenor voice, clothes brushed and neat,
Hands well kept, build quite tall,—
You surely could not fail to know
Your elder nephew, Paul.

“A loving heart, a helping hand
For hapless beast or boy;
A ringing laugh, whose melody
Fills all the house with joy.
A disposition frank and sweet,
That never stoops to tease,—
You cannot fail to recognize
Your only niece, Louise.

“A brimless hat, torn overalls,
Coat all at elbows out,
A voice whose echoes far resound
With yell, and whoop, and shout.
Two widespread ears, like flapping sails,
A mouth that’s all agrin
(Though most when happily engaged
In stowing victuals in).
Two bright gray eyes, that have grown crossed
From squinting after fun,
Bare, turned-in toes, a pair of legs
Not *quite* too bowed to run,
A bright red head, a freckled face,
Looks that a glass would crack,—
If you stumble on him, you will know
The writer,

“THOMAS BLACK.”



THE FOSTER-FATHER

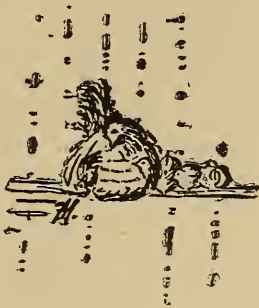
"It's just about a year ago—the day she
went away—

That my broken-hearted mistress brought
me to this place to stay.

She cried a lot, I tell you, for I was raised
a pet.

(You mustn't think *I'm* crying, though, be-
cause my eyes are wet!

For I'm a Bantam Rooster with a warrior
spirit fine



Which I inherit from a proud and old ancestral line.)

Our parting, though, was very sad; but that was not the worst,

For every chicken on the place disliked me from the first.

What about my fighting spirit? Well, I'd like to see *you* rout

Six strapping, stalwart roosters, and twoscore of hens about!

No, they didn't make me welcome in this great, strange poultry-yard,

And from the day Madge left me, my lot's been very hard —

That is, until just lately. — (Why, here's a great big worm!

Cluck! cluck! come here, my darlings, and see this fellow squirm!)

Yes, these are adopted children — that speckled and this white —

I'll explain it all — have patience — while I give this one a bite.

As I said in the beginning, not a fowl upon this place

That showed a proper spirit or the slightest sign of grace —

You think that it was envy? I thank you.

Well, maybe

This green and red-gold plumage and this
high-bred air brought me

The ill will of the roosters; but their wives
and daughters should

Have shown that they were ladies, and let
me share their food.

O yes, I led an outcast's life, just skulking
here and there

A-foraging for odds and ends, — I that had
had such care!

(The water in that trough is deep; if one of
you should fall,

You 'd surely drown, and break your foster-
father's heart, that's all!)

But the story? Oh, the story! Yes, I'm
coming to it now —

(Cluck! cluck! come back! There's danger
in running near that plow!)

Well, the story is: their mother was stolen
by a fox,

And on the night he took her, he overturned
her box

And crushed the seven others, leaving but
these pretty two. . . .

Not a mortal fowl upon this place would have
a thing to do
With these dear little orphans, except to chase
about
The poor things till their little legs with
weariness gave out.
And I? Well, did n't *I* know what it meant
to be ill-used?
So I ventured near the little chicks, all trem-
bling and confused,
Outspread my wings, and softly called, as
their mother used to do,
'Come, come, dear little babies, here's a
heart beats warm for you!'
And they took the proffered shelter, and found
a welcome rest
Beneath the kindly throbbing of a Bantam
Rooster's breast.
And I am, oh, so happy! and of fight full as
can be!
(Just let that hen come near us, and she'll
pay old scores with me!)"

WHEN THE DOG-SHOW COMES TO
TOWN.

When you eager young folks gather
Along the village street,
And list with rapt attention
For the trot of ponies' feet,
What a shout of joy arises,
And what cries of wild delight
Greet the gaily painted wagons,
As the Dog-show comes in sight!

Oh, the dogs look very dainty
With their fluffy, curly heads,
And their bright-hued bows of ribbon,
Made of pinks, and blues, and reds.
"What a happy, care-free lot they are!"
You exclaim, with judgment keen,
But alas, I can't agree with you.
For I've looked behind the scene.

But let us to the show itself. Here,
With many a bow and smile,

The master puts each through his tricks;
But if you will watch the while,
You will see the dogs perform their tasks
With timid, frightened air —
And will also note that wagging tails
Are very, very rare.

For the master, with his beaming smile,
Has a cruel eye and lip;
And that hand, so long, and white, and slim,
Can wield a stinging whip;
And when, for some well-acted part,
He gives a feigned caress,
You will see his little pupil shrink,
Unused to tenderness.

For, a few short weeks of puppyhood,
And, ever since that day,
His poor life's been one dull routine
Of work — no joy, no play,
No touch of tender, childish hands,
No voice of Love he hears —
But, a cowering slave, he lives in dread
Of a tyrant, whom he fears.

Then do not wonder, you who wait
In the dusty village street,
To watch the gaudy carts go by
With their gay, bedizened freight,
That I cannot join in shout or cheer,
When my heart with thought's weighed
down
For many a saddened little life
When the Dog-show comes to town.

MARY JANE.

An odd little girl was Mary Jane,
Quaint and quiet, prim and plain,
As, bonnet on head, adown the lane,
She walked on her way to school.

And, oh me! Not only prim and plain,
But dull as well, was Mary Jane.
Of her teacher's life she was quite the bane
In that far-off country school.

But, though she was dull, and prim and plain,
A tender heart had Mary Jane.
No suffering thing appealed in vain
To her, in or out of school.

So it often happened that Mary Jane
Would make the teacher loud complain;
For, through stopping to ease some poor
thing's pain,
She'd be late for her class at school.

Then woe, O woe, to Mary Jane
For tarrying so long in the lane!
Her tears and protests were in vain,
For the teacher applied the rule.

.

The haunt of bats now stands the school.
To ashes turned are bench and stool.
No longer is the stinging rule
A thing of shame and dread.

The teacher gone, forgot his name,
Now utters neither praise nor blame;
And pupils, bright or dull, now claim
Share in his dusty bed.

But all throughout that country side
From farm to hamlet, far and wide,
The name of *one* doth still abide—
A woman's name, long dead.

And wherever tender, kindly thought
Shall see some gentle deed is wrought,
Where helping hand is stretched, unsought,
Oh, there shall live again,

In fame enduring as the sun,
The name of one whose work, while done
On earth, in heaven is just begun —
The name of MARY JANE.



A JAIL DELIVERY.

The Canary and the Goldfish
Had a chat one afternoon.
(The Canary was in singing voice,
And set his words to tune.)
“As I hung out this morning,”
He began in plaintive key,
“A pretty little Wild Bird
Came up and spoke to me.
And the story that she told me
Has set my heart on fire,
Until, unless I sing it,
I know I shall expire.

“Said she, in patronizing voice,
‘How did you break the laws,
That you hang on exhibition there
Behind those shameful bars?’
Then with mighty indignation
My feathers rose on end,
And I answered, ‘Though a prisoner,
I am no jailbird, my friend;

But only a poor songster,
Who, like yourself, was free
Until his foolish feet one day,
Put him in captivity.'

"'I beg pardon,' said the Wild Bird,
'For speaking thoughtlessly.
I did not mean to be unkind;
And if you could come with me
To a lovely spot not far from here,
Where trees and flowers grow,
And a sparkling fountain drops its spray
In a crystal pool below,
Where happy Goldfish dart and play,
Now in shadow, now in sun,
I would show you how contrite I am,
And for those words atone.'

"'For shame!' I cried; 'to tempt me,
When I can't go, though I willed!'—
'If I had choice 'tween death and cage,
I'd rather far be killed,'
Said the Wild Bird, very sadly.
Then a moment silent stood,
As if studying very deeply.
Then aloud, 'I'm sure you would

Be willing to be rescued. . . .
If I find means and ways
To get you to that Paradise,
Will you come and end your days?'''

"And would you go and leave me?"
Sobbed the Goldfish, with a moan.
"Don't fear, my fellow-prisoner,
You shall not be left alone.
If I go, you'll go with me,
In the little swinging globe
Where so long you've dwelt a captive,
Because you've a glittering robe.
And while I sing 'mid the blossoms,
All the joyous, livelong day,
In the shimmering fountain's pool below
You shall swim, and dart, and play.

"It may be weeks, or only days,
Before the plan's complete;
But some fine sunny morning
There'll be uproar in this street;
When, through the open window,
Of a sudden you will feel
Your globe whisked by a great, strong Bird
With claws like hooks of steel;

While a mob* of doughty Sparrows
Beats against my gilded cage
Until it has accomplished
The marvel of the age."

The Canary stopped to preen himself.
"O rapture!" cried the Fish,
"To think I do not have to die
To escape from this glass dish!
How I'd love to see the fountain!
How I long to try my strength,
To see if I can swim straight on
More than double my own length!"
His companion made no answer. . . .
Next morn but one, they say,
The Wild Bird came with a mighty host,
And got them both away.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Ho, ho, for the Merry-go-round,
That marvel of color, speed, and sound!
Up, up on the horse's back,
Before he starts on his spin round the track.
Tight grasp of his flowing mane,
Or you'll find yourself on the ground again.

Then here's to the Merry-go-round,
The dizzy Merry-go-round,
And the power that speeds
Its flying steeds
That never set foot to the ground!

Round, round, in our whirl we go,
Now up, now down, now fast, now slow.
Tight to the horse's mane we hold,
While the music plays "A Warrior Bold."
Warriors bold in truth are we,
Out in quest of our meed of revelry.

Then here's to the Merry-go-round,
The joyous Merry-go-round,

And the power that speeds
Its flying steeds
That never set foot to the ground!

Hold each to his pointed spear
To catch the rings as we draw near —
Gleaming rings, that elude us so,
As madly around the track we go —
Rings that to reach are just too high,
Strain as we may as we pass them by.

Then here's to the Merry-go-round,
The mocking Merry-go-round,
And the power that speeds
Its flying steeds
That never set foot to the ground!

All this life's a Merry-go-round —
One dazzle of color, speed, and sound;
- And the horses we cling to, as on we fly,
Are the hobbies that carry us, you and I;
While the prizes elude nine out of ten
(Though he who wins may ride again).

Then here's to the Merry-go-round,
The illusive Merry-go-round,
And the power that speeds
Its flying steeds
That never set foot to the ground!

ON FANCY'S LOOM.

I.

Dart the playful breezes
Through the flaxen hair
Of a damsel musing
As she sets with care
Stitches in her sampler
Of patterns strange and rare:

"I shall be a lady gay,
Some day, some day,
Clothed with dainty garments sweet,
Silken stockings on my feet,
'Broidered slippers that be fit
Match for hose so exquisite.
Mayhap I shall wed a prince,—
Naught impossible is, since
Once a king of haughty mien
Made a beggar girl his queen!
A princess wears, so I've been told,
Upon her brow a band of gold;
Pearls around her throat are worn;
Flashing gems her robes adorn.
Oh, I shall be a lady gay,
Some day, some day!"

II.

Softly sings a mother
 (Sunny braids her crown;
Pearly arms that clasp her neck,
 Eyes of topaz brown,
Are the jewels that adorn
 The bosom of her gown):

“Babe shall be a lady gay,
Some day, some day;
 Robes of shimmering silk and lace
 Will set off my baby’s grace;
Satin shoes and lacy hose
Will her lifted skirt disclose.
 Mayhap she will wed a prince—
 Naught impossible is, since
Once a king of haughty mien
Chose a beggar for his queen!
 A princess wears, so I have read,
 A diadem upon her head;
Strands of pearl her throat entwine;
Gems upon her garments shine.
 Oh, babe shall be a lady gay,
 Some day, some day!”

III.

Still weave the girlish fancies
 Beneath the silvery hair
 Of a snowy-kerchiefed granddam
 Knitting in her rocking-chair
 As climbs a tiny maid to hear
 These words of promise fair:

“Jess shall be a lady gay,
 Some day, some day.

Gowns of velvet, silk, and lace
 Will enhance fair Jessie's face;
 Dainty shoes and 'broidered hose
 Will her little feet enclose.

Mayhap she a prince will wed —
 Such things *have* been, for 'tis said
 Once a monarch cast his pride
 To the winds in choosing bride!

A princess wears, so I 've been told,
 Upon her brow a band of gold;
 Pearls about her throat are worn;
 Sparkling gems her robes adorn.

Oh, Jess shall be a lady gay,
 Some day, some day!”

RHYMES FOR YOUNGER PEOPLE

RHYMES FOR YOUNGER PEOPLE.

TEN LITTLE LOVE-BIRDS.

Ten little Love-birds

Huddled in a line.

Dear Charlotte helps her mamma sweep,

And then there are nine.

Nine little Love-birds

With naught to do but wait

To see if Ben makes friends with May.

He does—and there are eight.

Eight little Love-birds

Their bright eyes raise to Heaven

While Mary feeds a starving dog—

And then there are seven.

Seven little Love-birds

Their rapt attention fix

While Ethel minds the baby—

And then there are six.

Six little Love-birds
With interest all alive
To see if Frederick will obey.
He does, and there are five.

Five little Love-birds
Peep through the kitchen door
While Irma wipes the dishes —
And then there are four.

Four little Love-birds
With eyes on Marjorie
The while she runs an errand —
And then there are three.

Three little Love-birds
With nothing else to do
But watch James bind a chick's hurt foot —
And then there are two.

Two little Love-birds
Blinking in the sun —
Nell speaks a kind word to the cat —
And then there is but one.

One little Love-bird —
The last and only one —
Sees Frank divide his cake with George —
And then there are none.

Ten little Love-birds
All scattered far apart —
But each has found his resting-place
In some dear child's happy heart!

A SMALL TYRANT.

Miss Fluff is fat and fair,
And almost, not quite, forty;
(I sing of months, not years,
For Fluff's a poodle haughty.)
And Fluffy is, oh dear!
What some folks would call "bossy."
And ever, year by year,
Grows saucy, yet more saucy.
Just place beneath her nose
A morsel sweet and tempting,
And ten to one she goes
Off without it pre-empting;
But let her friend, Miss Kit,
Just then make her appearance —
Oh, then Miss Fluff is "It,"
She brooks no interference.
With many a snarl and bark
The dainty bit she'll swallow,
Then chase Puss to a dark
Hole where no dog can follow.
Oh, Fluffy, pampered pet,
With pride is quite inflated,

Because she never yet
Has been by one berated.
Not only at the cat,
But she growls at parrot Poll. Oh,
You see now how our fat
Poodle's conduct beats "all hollow."

THE ESQUIMAU.

(A MIGHTY HUNTER.)

Oh, did you know
That the Esquimau
With his slanting eyes
And his funny nose,
Has only half
Of twenty toes?

And to keep them warm
From frost and storm,
When the north wind blows
O'er Arctic snows,
That the reindeer must
Give up his clothes?

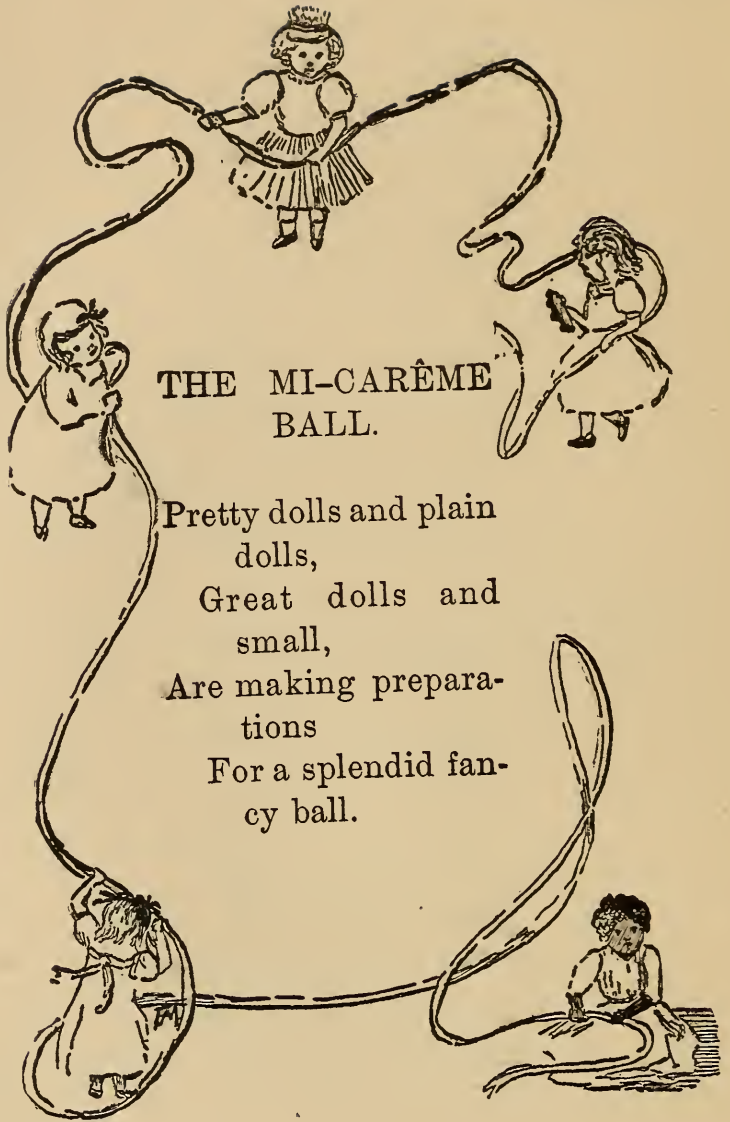
And did you know
That this Esquimau
Keeps nice and snug
As any bug,
In a house of snow
Built round and low?

And that he may eat
Both fish and meat,
And fill his lamp
And grease his nose,
And wear his suit
Of fur-trimmed clothes,

He steers his boat
Where icebergs float
(When low-hung sun
Makes waters run),
And with knife and spear
Kills seal and deer?

So now you know
That the Esquimau,
With his slanting eyes
And his funny nose,
In his furry suit
Of borrowed clothes,

As he squats below
His house of snow,
With his pointed spear
And his hunting-knife,
Survives at the cost
Of many a life.



THE MI-CARÈME
BALL.

Pretty dolls and plain
dolls,
Great dolls and
small,
Are making prepara-
tions
For a splendid fan-
cy ball.

The ball comes off in mid-lent
And will be a grand affair,
(Though of course no truly pious doll
Would think of being there.)

Sweet Edith goes as "Good Queen Bess,"
And will wear a golden crown,
While on her placid forehead
She must paint a haughty frown.

Jemima Dunn's rag baby, "Spuds,"
Aims to be a Vere de Vere,
So through a borrowed lorgnette she'll
Affect a frozen stare.

Blonde Mignonne chooses Topsy,
Black, with many a kinky curl;
While poor old legless Dinah
Will essay the Dancing-girl.

With Punchinellos, Carmens
(With and without tambourine),
With kings and queens, and knights and lords,
'T will be a brilliant scene.

So, handsome dolls and homely dolls, -
Dolls lean, and fat, and tall,
Fail not to lend your presence
To the great mid-lenten ball.

THE GROCERY CAT.

Sleek, lazy, and fat is the grocery cat,
As he sleeps on the counter all day,
With never a hunt for a mouse or a rat,
To drive those intruders away.

But it's snooze and purr,
And only stir
From slothful ease
To stretch, or seize
Some tempting snack,
Then arch his back
That customer
May stroke his fur.

Sharp, active, and quick is the grocery cat,
When the shop has closed for the night;
And it's then timid mouse and wary rat
Must scamper out of sight.

Oh, it's run and hide,
All terrified;

For noiseless paws
Sheath steely claws,
And sleepless eyes
Watch till sunrise,—
Eyes that are bright
With greenish light.

DRESSING THE BABY.

“The Baby must soon be got ready for life,”
Said Mr. to Mrs. Beetle.

“We know life is strenuous—full of strife—
And we should prepare him a little.
He has legs to run with, and wings to fly
And two big knobs with which to spy;
But with horns to defend, and a coat of mail,
His foes must surely before him quail,
And put him upon his mettle.”

“I’m not satisfied,” said the Mother Bug,
“That my son should look like a common
thug.

I will decorate him a little.”
So her wing she dipped in burnished green,
And gave his coat a brilliant sheen;
With lustrous green she polished bright
His horns till they entranced the sight.
And with beauty armed, and strength to
win,
Went forth the Baby Beetle.

THE BROWN CHINEE.

Oh, a sight to see
 Is the brown Chinee
 As he bends o'er the tub
 So patientlee
 To wash the linen
 For you and me.
 See the white suds splash!
 See it foam and dash!
 As it cleanses the linen
 For you and me.



And very quaintlee
 Sings the brown Chinee,
 As with iron in hand
 He takes his stand
 To press the linen
 For you and me.
 See the firelight dance,
 And the bright iron glance,
 As he presses the linen
 For you and me!



Oh, weary and worn
Is this same Chineee,
As he takes on his back
His heavy pack
To bring home the linen
For you and me!
But he cheerfully jogs
In his wooden-soled clogs,
Along with the linen
For you and me.

Oh, a lesson is taught
By the meek Chineee,
As he washes and irons
So patientlee,
And jogs along
So cheerfuller;
For life's burden he bears
Uncomplaininglee.
Can *we* say as much,—
That is, you and **me**?

THE DISLIKES OF SIR BARNEY.

Sir Barney dislikes many things.
 (Barney's a sturdy Pug.)
He dislikes bats with outstretched wings,
 And snakes, and crawling bugs.
And he dislikes (oh, shame that he
 Should make such a hubbub!)
But he dislikes — yes, HATES, to see
 A certain tin bathtub.
And he dislikes plain things to eat —
 Dog-biscuit, bread, and such —
He must have cakes and dainty meat,
 And sometimes eats too much.
Then when he's doubled up with pain,
 And aid for him is sought,
He plainly shows dislike again
 When a certain bottle's brought.
He dislikes the milkman, butcher-boy,
 And the man that brings the post
(Though of the three, he does enjoy
 Hating the milkman most.)
He dislikes cats, and other dogs,
 And youngsters on the street,

And tramping gentlemen, whose togs
Are far from being neat.
All kinds of toys that spring and go
Sir Barney does avoid.
And when around his neck a bow
Is tied, *then* he's annoyed.
But into nothingness all these
Dislikes quite fade and die
When, trembling, our poor Barney flees
On the dread Fourth of July!

TWO LOVING SISTERS.

Misses Eloise and Fannie
Had what they call a "spat,"
And Eloise said Frances was
"A horrid, mean old cat."
Oh Eloise, sweet Eloise,
Such talk's unseemly quite
For though young maidens fair may scratch,
They surely do not bite.

But though Miss Frances called no names,
She did retaliate.
That night a piece of liver raw
Lay on her sister's plate.
And to their horrified mamma,
Fan made this answer rude,
"Don't be surprised, for liver is
A *feline's* favorite food."

LITTLE MISS DROOP.

Little Miss Droop is a sensitive flower,
Who, if she catches one glance that is sour,
Will go off by herself and shed tears by the
hour.

But her sister, Miss Gay,
Is blithe all the day,
And to cheer others
Does all in her power,
Let Fate smile on her brightly
Or savagely glower.

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

Says Percival,

“When I’m a little older,”

Adds Maude,

“And, let us hope, a great deal bolder,”

Says Percival,

“I’m going to be a soldier.”

Adds Maude,

“A bold old soldier,

Spoiling for a fight.”

Says Percival,

“When Maude’s a little sweeter,”

Adds Nan,

“And, let us pray, a great deal neater,”

Says Maude,

“You hope a bear will come and eat her.

Well, he’d be

A sweetmeat-eater,

Though perhaps ’t would serve her right.”

A DISAPPOINTED AERONAUT.

A dear little girl from Lehigh
Had a habit of saying "Oh my!"
 She set sail for the moon
 In a captive balloon,
And as she left earth waved "Good by."

But alas for this maid from Lehigh!
(While I tell it, I feel I must cry!)
 The balloon had a string,
 And came back with a fling,
And now she does nothing but sigh, "Oh my!"

THE RINGING RHYMES OF ALLIT-
ERATIVE ARCHIBALD.

Alliterative Archibald

Is Aunt Alicia's boy;
His ringing rhymes I here repeat,
That you may share our joy.

"Bark-and-Bite-and-Bounce-'em
Is a British Bulldog bold,
Who, as he wends his wabbly way,
A sight is to behold.

"Climb-and-Claw-and-Clutch-'em
Is a creeping, crawling Crab,
Whose rough road runs o'er rugged rocks
In search of food to grab.

"Dive-Down-Deep-and-Dodge-'em
Is a daring, dark-dyed Duck,
And the sportsman sharp who sights him
Has the greatest kind of luck.

“Espy-’em-and-Escape-’em
Is an elegant Emu,
Who, with her head hid in a hole,
Thinks she is lost to view

“Fire-and-Fiercely-Fight-’em
Is a famous Fusileer
Who makes hearts beat quite high with hope
Whenever he draws near.

“Grab-and-Grasp-and-Grind-’em
Was a greedy Giant gray.
(Don’t tremble, tiny toddlers,
For long since he’s had his day.)

“Hunt-a-Hut-to-Hide-Him
Was a haggard Hermit hoar,
Who loved to live alone, that high
Aloft his soul might soar.

“I’m-Irate-and-I’ll-Injure-’em,
An incensed Inhabitant
(Whose wrath was roused by railroad wrongs),
Would get even, but he can’t.

“Jump-and-Jar-and-Jolt-’em
Is a jogging, joyless Jap,
Who, patient, pulls a pretty cart
When he ’d rather take a nap.

“Kill-a-Kurd-with-Kindness
Was a kingly Knight of old,
In days when daring deeds were done,
And every man was bold.

“Look-and-Leap-and-Land-’em
Is the lurking Lion’s lay,
Who yearns for young and tender things,
That he may on them prey.

“Make-Your-Mark-don’t-Miss-it!
Is a mighty Millionaire,
Who finds it far from funny
That his money brings such care.

“Nail-us-Now-You ’ll-Need-us
Were two nimble Nickels new.
But though Hal hoped to hold them fast,
On wings away they flew.

“Out-climb-’em-and-Out-chase-’em
Was an old Orang-outang,
Who to a tree-top by his tail
Ofttimes did love to hang.

“Please-Poke-’em-till-I-Pinch-’em
Is our pet Poll Parrot pert.
Fat foolish fingers find full soon
How Polly’s beak can hurt.

“Quick! Quick!-in-Quest-of Cover
Was a quaint and quiet Quail
Whom bad boys through the bushes sought,
That they might salt his tail.

“Run-and-Rush-and-Round-’em
Is a rugged Rider Rough.
Of praise that person has no need,
Whose name is praise enough.

“Stumble-Slip-and-Slop-it
Is a servant slovenly,
Who cannot bring in breakfast
But must coffee spill, or tea.

“Tug-Till-you-Tear-or-Tangle-it
Is a tackle-twisting Trout.
Right royally he knows the ropes
And what he is about.

“Uplift-’em-and-Uphold-’em,
An unwieldy Umb(e)rell,
Set sail with Sam till he let go
And in a puddle fell.

“Vowels-Voice-and-Vex-’em
Is a vain Ventriloquist
Who through his throat can throw all sounds,
Nor give his face one twist.

“Wish-for-Wealth-and-Win-it
Was a wagering Wight of old;
Full famously he filled his purse
With other people’s gold.

“A Xeriff’s-worth-of-Xeres
Was a Xylophone-player’s drink,
Who when he dry had drained his dram
Could faster play than think!

“Yap-and-Yawp-and-Yelp
Was a yawning Yeoman young
Who did develop by such sounds
Enormous strength of lung.

“A Zoölogic Zone
Is the zigzag Zodiac.
Who deep delves in its mysteries
May cause his brain to crack.”

Oh, Alliterative Archibald
Is Aunt Alicia's heir;
His wretched rhymes I did repeat,
That you our woe might share.

ALLITERATIVE ARCHIBALD'S SONG.

Alliterative Archibald, of whom you late have
heard,
Says he's no repeating rhymster, but a full-
fledged singing-bird;
But before we give opinion, we must listen to
his song,
Which we hope (with due respect to A.) will
not be very long:—

“I sing of a dog in a coat of buff
(A shabby coat, unkempt and rough),
Of Blunder,
Whose shambling gait and awkward ways
Made his escape in puppy days
A matter for thanksgiving, praise,
And wonder.

“I also sing of a haughty cat—
A big feline aristocrat—
Of Thunder,

Who had no other earthly task
(Aside from in the sun to bask),
Save from some foe to tear the mask,
Or plunder.

“I sing of the meeting of these two—
Who looks for trouble now,—do you,
I wonder?
But, though the cat rushed on full-sail,
The friendly doggie’s wagging tail
Made even fighting spirits fail.
Now Thunder
Loves Blunder;
And woe be to those foes that dare
Attempt these loyal hearts to tear
Asunder.”

MISS SOLEMNICA PRIM AND MISS
JOLLICA GAY.

Miss Solemnica Prim and Miss Jollica Gay
Blew into each other one windy March day;
And the friendship thus formed, so they them-
selves vow,
Unbroken has lasted from then until now.

"Your pardon I beg!" cried Solemnica. "Pray
Excuse my rude conduct this blustery day."
"Oh dear," laughed Miss Jollica, "I'd say
the same,
But I know it's the wind, and not I, that's to
blame.

And since you've been blown this way, and
I've been blown that,
And you've lost your bonnet, while I've lost
my hat,
An umbrella we'll borrow, and under it stay,
Until this strong March breeze has died quite
away."



“So, Solemnica leading, while Jollica rode,
They made their way back to the pony’s abode.”

When the wind had gone down, a-shopping
they went,
And thoughtless Miss Jollica spent her last
cent
On feathers, and ribbons, and candy, and such
(Though be sure her small pocket-book did
not hold much).

“What a spendthrift you are, to empty your
purse
On furbelows, gimcracks, and sweetmeats, and
worse!”
Cried Miss Prim, in amaze, who then pru-
dently bought
Darning-needles, stout thread, and such things
as she ought.

Miss Solemnica Prim and Miss Jollica Gay
Met again—quite by chance—on a sultry
June day.
“Hello, Solly Prim?” and “How are you,
Miss Gay?”
Were the greetings they paused to exchange
on their way.

“Whew! Isn’t it hot?” — “Yes; it *is* warm, I think.”

“Have a soda with me?” — “Thank you; I never drink
In a public resort; but if you ’ll come with me,
I’ll brew you a cup of my very best tea.”

Off together they walked, though Miss Jollica quite
Took her friend’s breath away by her spirits so light.
“Do you always act thus?” asked Solemnica.
“Pray,
Don’t you know it’s not *nice*, dear Miss Jollica Gay?

“On the street (and elsewhere) ’t is correct, I am sure,
For maidens to carry themselves more demure.”
“Oh dear!” cried Miss Jolly. “Since you they distress,
My laughter and chatter I’ll try to suppress.”

Arrived at her home, Miss Solemnica soon
Before her guest laid silver knife, fork, and
 spoon;
The kettle set boiling; the fragrant tea made;
And opened a jar of her best marmalade.

Then the sweetest of butter she daintily
 spread
On delicate slices of fresh home-made bread,
Which, with sandwiches thin, made of wafers
 and cheese,
Formed a tempting repast at which no one
 could sneeze.

“Oh, do you take sugar? and will you have
 cream?”
Asked Miss Prim, as she poured out the clear
 amber stream
Of “Spinster’s Delight.” “Oh yes; both, if
 you please,
And wafers, and jam, and a big piece of
 cheese,”

Replied the fair guest. Miss Prim pursed
 her lips;

Then the sugar-tongs took in her pink finger-tips.

“Shall I sweeten your tea, dear, with one lump or two?”

“Oh, I don’t care for *much*—three or four lumps will do.”

Miss Prim helped her guest, who then, quite at her ease,

Laughed and talked as she nibbled her sandwich of cheese.

But she suddenly stopped; for Solemnica stared

As though a great shock had her reason impaired.

“Oh dear! what’s the matter, Miss Prim?” cried Miss Gay;

“Have I done wrong again on this lovely June day?”

“’Tis not proper, at table,” Solemnica said,
“To be in high spirits, — in fact, it’s ill-bred.”

When thus reprimanded, Miss Jollica threw
Her curls back, and laughed till her hostess turned blue.

“Oh dear, how you glare!” cried Miss Gay
when she spoke;

“Oh really, dear Solly, I feel that I’ll choke.

But for all that, I like you, and know you like
me.

And you certainly do serve most excellent
tea.”

Then again into laughter ridiculous went
Until her hilarity fully was spent.

The tea being over, Miss Gay and Miss Prim
Went out to the ocean to see the seals swim.

“What makes the seals bark, and the ocean
roar so?”

Solemnica asked. “Don’t they know it is
low?”

“Have they never been taught to be noisy is
rude?

Or perhaps they don’t like it because we in-
trude.”

“What ideas you have!” laughed Miss Jollica
Gay.

“Why, it’s simply because they have some-
thing to say!”

“See those boys down there wading! I really
am shocked!

Don’t you think that such children in jail
should be locked?”

Cried Miss Prim. Said her friend, “If it
wasn’t for you,
Solemnica dear, I should like to wade too.”

That night these two bosom friends went to a
ball,

Where Solemnica sat with her back to the
wall;

While, hands folded in lap, she watched with
dismay

Her fleet-footed chum dance the hours away.

When the dancing was over, to supper they
went.

“Oh dear,” gasped Miss Gay, “what an even-
ing I’ve spent!

I really think dancing is simply sublime.

Solemnica dear, did *you* have a good time?”

Miss Prim and her friend took a sail on the bay
In an open row-boat, one bright morning in
May.

A big fish swam up, and, entranced at the
sight,
Made eyes at Miss Prim till she half died with
fright.

Whereat Jollica laughed — silly, thoughtless
Miss Gay! —
Until the boat rocked in a terrible way.
“Oh dear,” cried Solemnica, “once I get
home,
With you on deep water I’ll never more
roam.”

Miss Jollica Gay took her friend for a drive,
For, as Jollica said, “They were cooped up
alive.”
But the pony took fright at an automobile,
And ran till the little cart lost a hind wheel.

“Alas!” cried Miss Prim; “’tis a merited fate
That I’ve brought on myself by my conduct
of late.”

“Oh pshaw!” laughed Miss Jolly; “it’s only
a lark
To be run away with through this beautiful
park!”

Now were two fair maidens in most awkward
 plight,
(To the chagrin of one,—to the other's de-
 light,)
But freeing their steed and deserting their
 cart,
They turned right about face and for home
 made a start.

Miss Prim said she'd walk. But Miss Jollica
 cried,
"What's the use of a pony, unless one can
 ride?"
So, up on his back in a jiffy she jumped,
Her friend meanwhile trembling, for fear
 she'd be dumped.

So, Solemnica leading, while Jollica rode,
They made their way back to the pony's
 abode.
Make a curtsy, Miss Prim,—and your best
 bow, Miss Gay;
For we'll now bid you both "a very good
 day."



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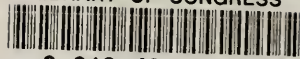
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